

SONNET

A type of poem that is fourteen lines long, has a specific rhyme scheme, and is written in iambic pentameter.

Rhyme Scheme

- Italian Sonnet: Has a rhyme scheme of *abba abba cdecde* or *cdcdcd*
- English Sonnet: Popularized by Shakespeare; has a rhyme scheme of *abab cdcd efef gg*
- Spenserian Sonnet: The stanza's are linked by their rhyme schemes, *abab bcbc cdcd ee*

Donald Justice- "Sonnet: The Poet at Seven"

And on the porch, across the upturned chair,
The boy would spread a dingy counterpane
Against the length and majesty of the rain,
And on all fours crawl under it like a bear
To lick his wounds in secret, in his lair;
And afterwards, in the windy yard again,
One hand cocked back, release his paper plane
Frail as a mayfly to the faithless air.
And summer evenings he would whirl around
Faster and faster till the drunken ground
Rose up to meet him; sometimes he would squat
Among the bent weeds of the vacant lot,
Waiting for dusk and someone dear to come
And whip him down the street, but gently home.

William Shakespeare - Sonnet #18

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And off' is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
But thy eternal Summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee

William Shakespeare - Sonnet #130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
 Coral is far more red than her lips red,
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks,
 And in some perfumes is there more delight,
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a more pleasing sound,
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,
 My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

Edmund Spenser - Sonnet #75

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
 But came the waves and washèd it away:
 Again I wrote it with a second hand,
 But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
 "Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain assay,
 A mortal thing so to immortalize,
 For I myself shall like to this decay,
 And eek my name be wipèd out likewise."
 "Not so," quod I, "let baser things devise,
 To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
 My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
 And in the heavens write your glorious name.
 Where when as death shall all the world subdue,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew."

Dream Clouds – Heather Romito

When they look up at the clouds
 people often see flowers,
 castles, dragons all around,
 While clouds drift by for hours.
 The clouds don't know they're being
 observed, romanticized.
 They aren't hurt by sightseeing,
 imaginations oversized,
 or the dreams projected on
 them by individuals
 innocent; like pictures drawn
 on blue canvas, white doodles.
 While clouds roll on, people too,
 dreams collecting in the blue.